



A JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL REFORM, DEVOTED TO THE ELEVATION OF HUMANITY IN THIS LIFE, AND A SEARCH FOR THE EVIDENCES OF LIFE BEYOND.

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J. J. OWEN, EDITOR AND MANAGER,
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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

If length of day be thy portion, make it not thy expectation.—*Sir T. Browne.*

No revenge is more heroic than that which torments an enemy by doing good.

The greatest events of an age are its best thoughts. Thought finds its way into action.—*Boice.*

He is a happy man who so lives that death at all times may find him at leisure to die.—*Feltham.*

The light of friendship is the light of phosphorus—seen plainest when all around is dark.—*Crowell.*

One can journey with delight in the ideal, but one reposes well only in the reality.—*Vieillard.*

The gain of lying is nothing else but not to be trusted of any, nor to be believed when we say the truth.

There is a mean in all things. Virtue itself has its limits, which, not being strictly observed, ceases to be virtue.

The gift of gifts is love, and there is no other in the world that can hide its lack or make good its scantiness.—*Roseleaf.*

Letters of introduction are not always successful to get a man into society any more than elegant obituaries to get a man into heaven.

Dissimulation is the only thing that makes society possible. Without its amenities the world would be a bear-garden.—*Ouida.*

He that does not know those things which are of use and necessity for him to know, is but an ignorant man, whatever he may know besides.

We ought not to look back unless it is to derive useful lessons from past errors and for the purpose of profiting by dear-bought experience.

Men boast of their great actions, but they are oftener the effect of chance than design. Men's actions are not to be judged of at first sight.

Strong men retain their riches. There is that scattereth and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty.

If you would realize a higher form of religion you must first broaden the horizon of woman's thought, and give us an active interest in all the principal affairs of life.—*Elizabeth Cady Stanton.*

We are all of us made more graceful by the inward presence of what we believe to be a generous purpose; our actions move to a hidden music—"a melody that's sweetly pitched in tune."—*George Eliot.*

Those who have read of everything are thought to understand everything too; but it is not always so. Reading furnishes the mind only with the materials of knowledge; it is thinking that makes what we read ours. We are of the ruminating kind, and it is not enough to cram ourselves with a great load of collections. Unless we chew them over again they will not give us strength and nourishment.—*Locke.*

"ROBERT ELSMERE," OR, THE OLD FETTER AND THE NEW FAITH.

An Inspirational Discourse Delivered by W. J. Colville in Metropolitan Temple, San Francisco, Sunday Morning, January 13, 1889.

(Reported specially for the GOLDEN GATE, by Mrs. Emily Catwold.)

Among the many valuable and interesting works now passing from the teeming press, no one seems to be exciting greater interest than Mrs. Humphrey Ward's religious novel, "Robert Elsmere." That it should be creating such extraordinary interest in America, may be like the astounding interest centered in Moody's preaching; one of the psychological marvels of the day; and this for two reasons; first, the work does not really advance any very strange or startling theory; and second, it is a story of English and not American life, and records the struggles of a clergyman of the English church, who makes his way by painful process of thought and action from a living in a rural district, where he is the rector of a comparatively unimportant parish to the broad open field of unfettered and almost creedless humanitarian effort. A little closer inspection of the details of the story will soon, however, convince even the superficial reader that the interest taken in the book does not center in any reference to place or period, or in any character however finely drawn, but in the fierce conflict between orthodox literalism and heterodox spiritualism therein so graphically presented.

Mrs. Ward is a vivid portrait painter, her characters are all decidedly drawn, they are all widely different the one from the other; each is a study in itself and even the least important have a fascination for any reader who delights in a vivid portrayal of human individuality, whether he admires the type under consideration or not. The book shows us many characters, but not too many as they never get mixed and each is essential to a perfect tale, such as the one so graphically told in 680 closely printed pages in the full size American paper edition. Some critics have of course said the story was too long, unnecessarily spun out; some have complained that others than the central figures have received too much notice; but such criticisms are exceedingly shallow and unfounded, as the real merit of the work is in its completeness which consists in its elaborate analysis of the surroundings of the hero, and its careful explanation of the varied influences shaping his thought and determining his conduct. Robert Elsmere is not an ordinary man, though educated in an ordinary way, so far as outward appearances go. His mother was by no means an ordinary woman, and without the careful description of her character and influence over her son in the opening chapters, one of the most essential factors in Robert's education would have been left out.

Robert as a boy, predicts his own future, and to any careful and experienced student of mental tendencies his early days led by a perfectly and inevitably natural course to his subsequent career. Robert Elsmere is from the first a free spirit, impatient of all restraint, his bodily frame is weak, his mind ardent, his feeling intense; his mother is an excitable singular woman, very industrious, self-centered, unselfish, nervous and self-opinionated without being in the least self-conceited. She and her son are everything to each other, they have no secrets from each other. The mother is both the playmate and the teacher, and being an Irishwoman of a very noble type, she combines an indomitable love of personal liberty with an intense regard for the rights of everybody else, anything like meretricious display is odious to her. Ritualistic curates, whom he suspects of being only half sincere are her pet abomination, and while her son seems destined by fate to become a clergyman, and she is a deeply religious woman, she cannot but make special fun over the eccentricities of the clerical profession; to her the ministry of religion must be a life and not a trade; and where the minister of the gospel is only a tradesman, selling his wares, she despises the man while she loves the gospel he dishonors. Robert goes to Oxford at the proper age, accompanied by his mother, and there in the very midst of ecclesiastical supremacy and literary conservatism he makes friends with two

learned men, both professors in the University, neither of whom are in the slightest degree orthodox in sentiment or proclivity. One of these, Henry Grey is a practical heroic saint, in the guise of a religious rationalist; the other, Edward Langham is a dilettant man of letters, whose temper is as melancholy as Grey's is energetic; and whose philosophy is as depressing as Grey's is bracing. In the execution of the portraits of these two men, the authoress displays consummate genius, she brings into the most striking relief the two directly opposite types of so-called liberals with which we are all apt to become familiar. Both are rationalists in the usual acceptance of that word, but one acts and thinks as though everything in life were worthy of the loftiest endeavor, and the other concludes that nothing is really worth the effort required to accomplish it even decently.

Grey's mind is constantly expanding, Langham's perpetually dwindling, and between these diametrically opposite poles of radicalism at Oxford the young student for the ministry of the established church of England finds himself placed. He passes through his studies, however, without realizing that there is anything in the creeds and articles of the church to which he cannot conscientiously subscribe, he takes orders and accepts a living without any conscientious scruples, though the fact is never disguised that his physical weakness considerably influences his settlement at length, in a quiet country district; had he been physically stronger, he would have sought active work in London or some great manufacturing city, where he could have strained every nerve to meet the requirements of a large and needy parish; he is therefore, at the very outset of his ministerial career, crippled by bodily weakness, and with a most vigorous mind and ardent spirit, has seemingly to yield to the dictates of weak flesh or break down before his work has even fairly commenced.

Before entering upon the living in Surrey, which is in the gift of a peer of the realm, a relative of Elsmere's, he travels in many countries, always accompanied by his mother, and then visits Westmoreland, where he is introduced, in the performance of his clerical duties, as a curate there to the Leyburn family, from which he selects the eldest daughter Catherine, to be his wife. At that period of his early manhood, and at the outset of his career as a clergyman, just when he is most intensely impressionable in all directions, he finds in a woman whom he compares to St. Elizabeth, her whom he feels may be indeed his "twin soul," the one of all others who can share his work with him and make him all he is capable of becoming, while apart from her he feels himself utterly at the mercy of influences and temptations of the strength and subtlety of which he can form no adequate idea, but which he instinctively and deeply feels would be sufficient to overwhelm him, or, at least, disqualify him utterly for a noble performance of his duty, were he left to fight them single-handed.

Catherine Leyburn and Robert Elsmere are extreme opposites; she is quiet in the extreme, he is as turbulent in nature as she is passive, but her passivity is in no sense the quiet unresisting temper of a character less decided; in her quietness is her strength; her marvelous fund of reserve power forcibly illustrates the truth of the old adage, "Still waters run deep," and while but very rarely she can be brought to betray her emotion, when her feelings are too strongly aroused, the pent-up tide of feeling in her nature bursts forth all the more impetuously, and sways her all the more violently by reason of the constant restraint, to which she invariably subjects all her feelings. Catherine's mother is an utterly inconsequent woman, from whom she seems to have inherited nothing; her father passed from earth in her early youth (she is twenty-six years of age when we are first introduced to her); from him she seems to have inherited largely, and in her eyes he is a saint; around his memory her deepest affections cluster and her loyalty to all that she conceives to have been his wishes is touching in the extreme; she rules her mother tenderly and lovingly, as though she were the mother and her mother a delicate child needing incessant care; her two sisters she also regards as entrusted to her charge, and as they are both her juniors by several years, her guardianship of them seems perfectly natural; the elder of

the two seems an easy, graceful girl of no very marked proclivities, but Rose, the youngest member of the family, is a very decided character, passionately devoted to the violin, which she plays superbly, and possessed with an indomitable will and an irrepressible desire for freedom; her spirit naturally rebels against the quiet domineering of her elder sister whom she really loves, however, and who decidedly loves her; but the woman and the girl do not understand each other, and they present to our mind one of those vivid contrasts we often meet in members of the same family, which seem to forcibly illustrate the truth of the now pretty widely accepted theory that flesh and blood relationships are not necessarily those of spirit.

Robert Elsmere and Catherine Leyburn have one very great and important point of resemblance which forms a solid basis for their mutual attraction; they are both extremely conscientious; he is diffident about proposing to her at first, on account of his deep sense of his own unworthiness; she refuses him when he first offers himself to her, (though she truly loves him), from an exaggerated sense of duty, and of her importance as a guardian and director of her mother's household. When the mother finds out the true state of affairs, she almost insists upon Catherine's accepting Robert, and after tears and prayers and much inward conflict, she consents to be the wife of a man whom she admires as well as loves, and who regards her more in the light of a divinity than of an ordinary woman.

His marriage marks a very important epoch in the young clergyman's life; he goes to Surrey, and immediately upon his establishment as rector of Murewell, a mere village with a population chiefly composed of rustics, he begins to effect many decided improvements in the condition of the place; he and his wife are all in all to each other, she seconds his every enterprise, enters heart and soul into every detail of his parish work and proves herself in all things a woman of the noblest self-denying effort and charity; benevolence and self-forgetfulness come naturally to her; she has been always accustomed to do and think for others. Among the poor, the sick, the lonely, the erring, the outcast, she is a ministering angel and it is plain to see that Mrs. Ward, in faithfully depicting the heroic sanctity of a woman with whose religious views she is by no means fully in sympathy, is as unbiased as one well can be by any predilections of her own; but Catherine, a St. Elizabeth though she may be in many ways, is continually displaying her lack of breadth of mind; her's is a noble heart, but her intellect is narrow; with all her goodness she is decidedly illiberal in sentiment and constantly falls into the error common to all strictly orthodox persons; she can deal very tenderly with sinners, even with criminals she can be gentle, but for honest heretics she has no mercy; heresy in her eyes is crime.

Unorthodox opinion is worse even than flagrant immorality, and with all her own honest purity of heart and life she can be far more lenient with unblushing vice than with honest skepticism; errors of opinion are worse offences in her eyes than sins of the deepest dye. On one occasion when Mr. Langham has visited them and succeeded in awakening the affections of her sister Rose, who was on a visit to Murewell at the time, and the girl asks her elder sister if she could have married a man who did not believe in Christ, she answers impetuously: "To me it would not be marriage."

Such a woman could not be expected to sympathize with, or even tolerate the slightest departure from the very strictest line of evangelical orthodoxy, and the very serious defect in her habit of thought which causes her such bitter sorrow a little later on is manifested most unpleasantly in her inability to admire the sterling excellence of a man like Henry Grey because, despite his deep and noble earnestness and integrity, he is not a believer in the orthodox interpretation of the Bible.

A very important, interesting, but in some respects decidedly forbidding character, is Mr. Vendover, the squire of Murewell, a man nearer seventy than sixty without family and almost devoid, at first sight, of all human sympathy, a veritable literary fossil, a man of prodigious intellect, a voluminous author, an erudite scholar but a cynic and misanthrope living almost the life of a recluse, with no near relative

or friend to share his magnificent mansion, save a curious, flighty sister, a strange little lady, whom one feels ready often to pity and sometimes almost to despise. This squire is the possessor of a splendid library; his collection of books is unsurpassed, scarcely to be equalled anywhere in England.

Robert Elsmere loves books and longs to devour the contents of the squire's library, and so long as the squire has been absent traveling on the continent, the rector has enjoyed freedom of access to the Hall library; on the return of the squire his agent, Henslowe, a thoroughly detestable man, prejudices his employer against the rector on account of the disgraceful condition of a portion of the squire's estate which is allowed to remain in a disgusting, disease-engendering condition; the squire trusts his agent and believes the lies he pours into his ears against Elsmere, falsehoods he is the more ready to accept for truth by reason of his prejudice against clergymen and enthusiasts in general, and Elsmere is both a clergyman and an enthusiast.

For some time the rector works as best he can, doing a large amount of work in and out of the church, and carrying on important literary labor of a historical kind, under decided difficulties and at considerable expense, on account of his determination to be under no obligation to the squire, whose books he insisted on returning to their owner immediately after a misunderstanding had arisen between the two gentlemen, brought about by the rector's statement concerning Mile End being disregarded by the squire in favor of Henslowe's garbled account, intended to provoke hostility between his employer and the philanthropic rector.

After a while a terrible disorder breaks out in the wretched tumble-down hovels of that forsaken district. The squire is abroad at the time, but arrives home just soon enough to be brought face to face with the frightful misery of the inhabitants of this shamefully neglected portion of his property, and to witness with his own eyes the heroic fortitude of Mr. and Mrs. Elsmere.

Squire Wendover is a man who cannot be moved to the outward expression of deep feeling; his nature is of the painfully repressed type, common to a school of intensely rationalistic literary richness; such a nature is not however without feeling, and while a man of that calibre will not say much, he will freely place his purse at the disposal of an intensely sincere and thoroughly practical philanthropic enthusiast like Robert Elsmere. From that day the Squire and the Rector became fast friends, in many a country walk, they enjoyed each others' society immensely; as two men of diametrically opposite temperament, and yet with many tastes in common frequently do. As we see them constantly together, we readily trace the softening, mellowing influence, almost imperceptibly exerted upon the aged cynic, by the youthful and impetuous enthusiast; and even more clearly do we observe how the aged scholar, who delights in nothing so much as in the destruction of all that appears to him as superstitious folly, gradually undermines Elsmere's religious superstructure of dogmatic creed and ecclesiastical usage, but never does he seem to shake the young clergyman's vivid apprehension of God in the universe and in the human soul. At this period the most intensely trying one imaginable in the career of a young man of Elsmere's temper, an extremely ascetic priest of the most fervid Catholic evangelical type urges Elsmere to join, in a retreat at a neighboring village, and seek to overcome what he regards as the most pernicious effort of religious free-thinking, at the foot of the altar of personal self-surrender to the voice of the church of the most uncompromising kind. Mr. Newcome, the Anglican priest, not at all an uncommon figure in "high church" circles both in England and America, is an unquestionably good man; a man, however, who sees nothing outside of orthodoxy but damnation. Such a narrow view cannot commend itself to the budding and ever expanding genius of our hero; and thus Newcome must turn away saddened and depressed, half in anger, half in pity, from the man for whom he entertains a warm, disinterested friendship; but with whom he cannot possibly associate after he has discovered his persistence in heretical opinion. Once in a while this thin pleading, and yet commanding figure in long, black

(Continued on Sixth Page.)

From The Sun Angel Order of Light.

[Written for the Golden Gate, by Spirit Wisdom, at the request of Saidie, Leader of the Oriental Band in the Higher Heavens, through Mrs. E. S. Fox, Scribe of the Sun Angel Order of Light.]

From afar do the lines of memory come down the ages to the present, so fraught with fulfillments of grand purposes. Little has the mind of man conceived of that which is truth. All through the ages, here and there, advanced minds have found dwelling place among the people, and these have been made a target toward which the balls of error have been aimed. But they have endured well the enemy's fire, and have returned to their home in the land beyond crowned with fresh laurels and wearing added jewels in their crown.

Such an one was Wisdom in ages past and gone. Seeing the need of greater soul power in the land, and feeling within his own being that he could bless the people with his presence and unfolded powers, he offered himself a willing sacrifice upon the altar of peace. In this he lost naught of the peace and glory which is his rightful inheritance from the All Wise, but has rather given to his immortal robe an added radiance, while the jewels he has earned shine and sparkle with added lustre.

Children of earth, know that in the Father's domain there are rich, glorious soul possessions for each and every one. These lay hidden, buried beneath the sands of time, while the power to glean and appropriate them lies all undeveloped within the human soul.

Life as it unfolds, powers as they develop, urge us on to the full possession of the hidden treasures which await our finding. Wisdom and his own sought knowledge and power; on the shores of our own home we unfolded and developed a love of power which grew and strengthened with our being, until it had woven itself into a web of insecurity which at last caused our downfall.

But our God is Love. Love Divine helps each and every child of the infinite to walk the paths of progress, until we reach the heights of redemption and unfoldment. Wisdom sought the Love which never fails, and although in a measure he had fallen, yet there was opened before his feet a path wherein he might walk, learning as he went the sweet lessons of humility, while he sought to make more pure and radiant the robe he should wear throughout the endless forevers of the future. When a time of great need has come in the heart of Saidie and her band of workers, Wisdom has been found ready to put his shoulder to the wheel, and willing to bear the burden laid upon him. When the time had come, and in the land of shadows a light must be placed, Wisdom gladly accepted the office of Light Bearer, seeking an avenue of incarnation where his power would most be felt, that all possible good might come to the people thereby. Those who acted as spirit father and mother breathed their benedictions within the hearts who would receive the light sent from the higher spheres. As Wisdom fell asleep, those whose messenger he was to be strewn o'er his form bright, fragrant flowers, while they sang to him a song of gladness, the tunes of which reached his soul as sweet incense, as he sank into the dreamless slumber from which he would not wake until the shadows of material life again flitted away and his feet once more found the walks of the better land.

True, he would open his eyes in the material world, would become a dweller therein during the years of his stay, and one of the number who would attempt to herald the gospel of peace to weary ones who already began to tire of the conflict, and yet knew not the path leading to the threshold of the Temple of Peace.

Children in earthland, many times have we spoken of watching, waiting times in the long ago, and your hearts were able to comprehend only in part the significance thereof. When we open wide the doors, revealing to you the actual events of that time, you begin to see as not before, that all is not mythic language, but the shadow of stern realities.

We sleep in the better land, to waken not to its memories until again we lay down the burden of materiality and are free spirits in the real life. Earth life is the land of dreams, the land of the unreal, while ours is the life of the soul, real, enduring and immortal.

You remember very little in the past, and that comes to you as a something forgotten, of which only the faintest shadows reveal themselves in occasional glimmerings, but when you waken again this present earth life will be the dream, that beyond the reality. It was so with Wisdom; he had wakened in the land of dreams. The same spirit looked out through the windows of the soul, yet the memory of the council, of the mission to earth had faded from the mind in detail; but the spirit of all stirred within his heart, permeated his inner being and gave color and fragrance to all his acts. The influences which came with him were fresh and strong and would lead his soul out and on, away from the beaten paths of the multitude, where he would be able to lead many. Others from the spheres found incarnating avenues, those whose souls were baptized with a desire to become beacon lights to a world in darkness.

J. B. FAYETTE, President and Corresponding Secretary of The Sun Angels Order of Light.

OSWEGO, N. Y., Dec. 30, 1888.

New Chicago Pastor—"Of what State is your husband a native, Mrs. Veener?"

Mrs. Veener of Chicago—"Connecticut, I believe, sir." "Do you know in what part of the State he was born?" "I don't think he was ever born, sir, I so often hear him speak of himself to others as a self-made man."

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

A Review of "Eon and Eona."

BY ABRAHAM LLOYD HOLTON.

Standing in the glare of the sunlight that shines upon time's hills, well I know I shall feel and hear the echoes from this small pebble I cast into the thought-world that Eona's legacy to the wide, wide world, is an immortal poem of truth, a bible that we, on this side of time, can often peruse and ponder over, and by it be comforted, fed and clothed in our right mind.

The volume breathes the sweetest pathos, the gentlest patience, the strongest arguments, to prove the great truth of re-incarnation. Step by step has Eona led the reader to almost realize her life and her soul-mate's existence, and "her heart tender and hopeful, born from a long journey, wherein experience has woven many tints," has enabled her to bring these "sheaves, gathered from many earth-land pilgrimages and soul-land rests, to those who are hungry and waiting; and, "oh, children of the land," she says, "I bid you read and reason."

The thread of the narrative is often broken as her soul seems to gaze upon the necessities of earth mortals, and these digressions are little balconies whereon the relator of incidents stops for deeper breaths, regaling in the heaven-born and earth-received breezes of cause and effect, which fan, too often unnoticed, the cheek of all dwellers of the universe. "Nature is arbitrary, and stands at the door of every soul, an inexorable tax-master." "Beneath all the arches that time and nature have planted in the pathway of human progress, must man pass, and from each must he gather some fruits as proof of his pilgrimage, as of necessity he returns." "Every desert has its rocks, every experience its lesson; so existence means far more than a few years of earth-life; far more than one enfleshment."

The description of the second sphere of spirit life is so reasonable that it would be wise to study it well. That Swedenborg drew most of his knowledge of spirit life from it, that he gave to the world as a beacon light, we can now understand. And as it seems to be the great battleground for a spiritual unfoldment for earth-bound spirits, her description is strong, grand and convincing.

In the work, wherever she has occasion to speak of the first sphere, as it is the waiting-room of all the dismal dens in earth-life, the picture is awful. The words, "As ye sow, so shall ye also reap," stands out in fearful significance, when we realize that the dissensions, crimes and conspiracies of earth, cast from the brains of its inhabitants, are born into this sphere, thus deepening dissensions, increasing the wild ravings of the terribly vile and fostering conspiracies, and are again returned, poisoning the earth elements or atmosphere, until the result is the wild winds and storms and pestilences that move over the earth like great sea waves, venting their fury.

In the dark depths of some earth pilgrimage, through which she was led, she says: "I look not back on the past, of which I now write, or the part I took in the drama, with other feelings than those of satisfaction. It was all well, and I held with a firm hand the threads I wove in the loom of circumstances that time had patented. . . . I look not back with regrets, though the path was rough and the times perilous." And as she came to realize that one life was all life and never ending, did she lean on the Infinite and become a willing worker in the flesh or in the angel-hood, knowing there was always "a home coming," that loving hearts never ceased to love, let time and distance divide, oh! for so long or for so far; that the mission of the soul is to do and to dare; to go on and upward; to know and to be known. "A soul dispatch" can reach one of God's chosen messengers that bids them go teach in earth form, but in the sleep that comes, in the entombment in mortal form that follows all only for an hour's breath of time, and then once more the spirit is free, and those who are loving and loved, are near and as dear, and a re-union will be had that will fill all heaven with shouts of praise and thanksgiving for sorrow suffered, battles fought and laurels won.

This book appeals to all classes of readers, and asks only a careful perusal, ere "a judgment has been passed," because "the dawn is already tinting the hill-tops," and there is always a pleasure in witnessing a sun-rise, or "in gathering early blooms" when the dew is still lingering on their petals.

Many souls, in perusing this book, will recognize land-marks along the highway of their consciousness, while others, whose sleep has been deeper, will see and recognize nothing; still, the draught once tasted of the elixir of immortality that can learn to sail in the higher heavens, breathe life to new planets, give birth to newer souls, and dwell among men as teachers and saviours, will live in thought, and teach the spirit its grand lessons in spirituality, in its silent power, "The Word."

JANUARY 4, 1889.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1889.

NEW VOLUME

With the present issue the GOLDEN GATE enters upon its eighth volume, or last half of its fourth year. In the seven volumes now completed what a vast amount of golden truths is stored away—together with some lesser truths, no doubt.

The past volume has chronicled many changes with us—that of the most immediate personal importance being the change into a new, clean, nicely carpeted office, with a free reading room and library.

We are well aware that among a class of people with such pronounced individuality as Spiritualists are known to possess, it would be truly marvelous if we did not encounter much adverse criticism. The matters that some enjoy the most others regard with disfavor, and, as a rule, they are not backward in advising us thereof.

And so we are disposed to jog along in our own way, opening the GOLDEN GATE to all kinds of respectable opinions bearing upon spiritual subjects, and thereby endeavoring to present matters of interest to as large a number of readers as possible. If there is any article the reader does not approve of, we would kindly invite him to pass on to the next. He must surely be hard to please if he cannot find something to interest him among all our varied stores of good things, wise, and sometimes perhaps, otherwise.

We aim to present our amazing facts and most beautiful philosophy in as clear a light as possible, ever emphasizing the best in mediumship, and ever seeking to win men and women to the better life by encouraging the good there is in them. We do not believe any human being was ever made better by unkindness, hence, we endeavor to infuse into our columns the spirit of the Golden Rule.

Human judgment is far from infallible. The wisest and best of men are liable to err. The GOLDEN GATE, no doubt, has committed its share of mistakes; but these will diminish in number, let us hope, with increased experience in this line of journalism—experience whereof our ships have brought us home some rich argosies during the past year.

We were never so strong in faith, nor so zealous for good work, as now; and we were never so upheld and encouraged by strong and beautiful spirit forces as now. And so we start out on our journey of Vol. VIII.

HETERODOXY.—Bro. Moody, the Evangelist, is reported as saying, a few evenings ago, in his discourse at the Pavilion: "We are going to see 'our friends in heaven.' They are not going to 'lose their identity.' Nor do I believe they sleep 'in their graves until the resurrection.' Paul 'has not been in his grave these 1,800 years.' He has been with Christ. Abraham, Isaac 'and Jacob are there, too. They have not lost 'their identity.' Nor have Moses and Elijah. 'When Peter and John saw Moses and Elijah 'just before the crucifixion, they recognized 'them. We are going to know our friends 'in heaven. We are going to have all we want, 'too. If a child wants toys in heaven I believe 'it will get them.' That is a very practical kind of a heaven. But what becomes of the evangelical idea of the resurrection of the physical body? How can Bro. Moody's ministerial brethren sit quietly and listen to such heresy to dogmatic creed? Is the great evangelist coming over to the Spiritualist side of Theology?"

THE PEOPLE'S MEETING.—The People's spiritual meeting, at Washington Hall, last Sunday evening, presented a large audience, and rather more than usual enjoyment was had. The songs rendered by Miss Ballou were charming indeed, especially the song entitled, "I Gather Them In," showed good musical culture and great range of voice. Judge Swift's address on the subject of "Spiritualism and Evangelism Contrasted," was pleasantly and interestingly considered. To know what Spiritualism is, and what Evangelism is, and contrast and compare the two, is a simple problem and easy of solution, as to which affords the highest and best evidence of future life, and which brings the most consolation and joy to those who are dwellers in fleshly tabernacles. Mrs. D. N. Place gave tests from the platform, which, as usual, were very correct and satisfactory to the individuals and audience. The "Boy Medium," who was expected, was unable to be present on account of the illness of his parents. Next Sunday will be presented a new programme, which will be duly announced.

EDITORIAL FRAGMENTS.

How beautiful is the morning of life with its bright hopes, its bounding pulses, its glow and sparkle of joy! How grand is middle life with its conscious power, its grandeur of intellect, its mighty play of forces! But more beautiful and grander still is serene old age with its rich argosies of matured thought, its ripe experiences, and its bright anticipation of the life to come. How bright and happy is the home coming to the wanderer in strange lands. And such is the thought of the home-going to the aged, whose soul ties are anchored on the thither shore.

Is there anything more beautiful on earth than a happy home, a home pervaded by that delightful harmony, wherein the angels love to meet and dwell? Such a one we dropped into a few evenings ago, together with a score or more of congenial souls, to commemorate the birthday anniversary of the happy head of the household,—the birthday of one, who is peacefully gliding down the stream of life, as it widens out towards the great ocean. Earth-life to him has been a success in many ways; certain it is that its evening sky is radiant with the purple and golden prophecy of a glad new day, that shall dawn for him and his dear companion sometime in the "sweet by-and-by."

"The days that are no more!" Days worse than wasted in the world's unholy strifes, days of spiritual darkness and decay, days of sadness and despair! Happy the spirit that has buried their memory forevermore and come forth into the light and life of the new day. For then it is that man begins to find his own soul. He begins to learn that all earthly experience that does not add to his stature as a spiritual being, is more or less hurtful, for the reason that it will, in the beyond, chain him to earth conditions when he should be mounting upward into the higher realms of being. How empty and profitless will seem many things that engrossed our thoughts here, when we come to cast aside this house of clay.

Slain again and again in the house of its friends, defiled by its ministers, waylaid, and beaten down, and robbed in high places, nevertheless our beautiful Spiritualism still lives. It comes forth bleeding but never crushed from every disaster, to grapple again and again with error, and win men to a belief in the glorious truths of immortality and the higher life. It pervades many homes where love dwells, and where it has erected its holy altars, before which the inmates gather in sweet and reverent devotion. The storm of fierce opposition but gives it new strength, treason in its councils, and betrayal of its sacred trusts, but add to the potency of its energizing forces to subdue the hearts and understandings of men, and bring the two worlds together in one mighty purpose to uplift and ennoble humanity.

W. R. COLBY.

Our readers will be pained to learn that W. R. Colby, the slate-writer, (after bringing an action against the *Chronicle* for libel, and swearing that he was not the man Raines, who robbed the mails in Texas), has suddenly taken his departure for parts unknown.

When Colby was charged by the press, six months ago, with being an ex-convict and mail robber, we were disposed to regard the proofs against him as insufficient. He had lived here for two years, conducting himself as far as we then knew with propriety. He had a wife and two children who depended upon him for support, and it seemed to us cruel, even if he had committed the crime charged against him, that the man should have no chance to reform. If guilty he had expiated the offence by imprisonment thirteen years before.

But we did not, on the evidence offered, believe him guilty; hence, we gave him what the law always concedes in criminal cases, the benefit of the doubt, a course which we prefer to pursue in all cases of moral delinquency. He had made a good record as a soldier in war for the Union, entering the army as a private, and retiring with honor as a Lieutenant; this we placed to his credit. And then his kindness of heart as manifested in his care for a poor relative through a mortal sickness, coupled with the fact of his genuine psychic powers, all operated to give us a favorable opinion of him.

There will be those who will lay the shortcomings of this man at the doors of Spiritualism; but it should be remembered that when Colby robbed the mails, he was a Baptist minister in good standing in his church. It should also be remembered that the respectability with which he was able for so many years since then to hold up his head among his fellow men was manifested in his life while a professed medium and Spiritualist. That he used his mediumistic gifts, as we have lately learned, for the purpose of obtaining money by dishonorable methods, is no doubt true; as also the further fact that he was exceedingly untruthful, as was shown in the plausible explanations he made in support of his innocence.

Spiritualism has had to endure much contumely and abuse from the accession to its ranks of dishonest church members. This fact ought to make the churches more charitable towards us, and it ought, and no doubt will teach us to be more careful in the selection of our ministers and mediums.

—Mrs. J. J. Whitney, the eminent platform test medium, will hold another public seance at

Old Fellows' Hall, to-morrow (Sunday) evening. She will be preceded with a short discourse from Mrs. Addie L. Ballou.

THE "SECRET DOCTRINE."

The Secret Doctrine, by H. P. Blavatsky, is written with this special aim:

"To show that nature is not a fatalistic concurrence of atoms, and to assign to man his rightful place in the scheme of the Universe; to rescue from degradation, the archaic truths which form the basis of all religions, and to uncover to some extent the fundamental unity from which they spring; finally to show that the accented side of nature has never been approached by the science of civilization."

In pursuance of this aim, the author—or, as she prefers to be styled, the writer—proceeds to set forth a few truths, or premises of the Universal Scheme, not offering them as a revelation but as a collection of the oldest world tenets present for the first time as "a harmonious and unbroken whole." They are intentionally gathered together at a time when the contest between science and religion is at its height in the hope of opening up the way to their reconciliation and consolidation; for this doctrine is claimed an origin back of history; an unbroken sequence, evolution and preservation throughout great periods of time and under the guardianship of adept teachers. In support of these premises, stanzas are given from the book of Drayn, an anarchoic, MSS., unknown to the western world, together with erudite commentaries and comparisons of the doctrine with all religions and philosophies. The result undoubtedly shows it to be the root of all later beliefs. These stanzas are like nothing else in literature. Wierd, mysterious, poetical, they open up magnificent reaches of being to the fascinated reader; they are like a galvanic battery applied to the brain; it is impossible not to be thrilled by them however little one may understand them. A mighty spirit breathes through the whole. In their alenbic, man is dwarfed, disappears and re-emerges as a god-like humanity. Those quoted in Volume I, relate to Cosmogony; those of Volume II to anthropogony, and in this latter connection we have extensive dissertations upon the spiritual side of Being, its forces, inhabitants and directors.

We pass then into the region of science, in Adenda, which are of inestimable value to the modern reader. The case of Science versus Occultism is argued before him by the contestants themselves, and nowhere can such a concise bird's eye view of the modern situation be found. Science upon the statements of her adherents is found to be uncertain, capricious in statement and dissenting from her own conclusions, which are based upon the evidence of senses which she regards as delusive and unreal. The occultists at least cohere among themselves; also their results agree often upon the physical plane with those of their scientific opponents. The reader who desires to be informed, rather than to take sides, will be especially benefited by these Adenda.

Whether the writer proves her case is not a question which the critic of her work is called upon to decide, nor can he decide it without grave impeachment of that impartiality which is the mainstay of his reputation. He has only to analyze that work as it is in itself. Unquestionably it is a rounded and perfect whole. It coheres in all its parts. Its claim for the great antiquity of the Secret Doctrine, for its evolution through a long line of trained observers, is undoubtedly sustained, whatever one may think of the correctness of its conclusions. No human brain is capable of constructing a scheme so gigantic, so complicated and thorough in its vast differentiations, and yet so simply and finely based upon an initial unity. Its harmony is complete, its proofs inherent. Madame Blavatsky states, that she is fully prepared for the charge of invention; but to make it is to hail her as an intellectual genius greater than any the world has ever known; the Secret Doctrine is manifestly the quintessence of the thoughts of many eras.

Emerson, the pioneer of modern philosophy, states somewhere the following requirements: "The religion which is to guide and fulfil the present and coming ages, whatever else it be, must be intellectual. Let us have nothing now which is not its own evidence. . . . There will be a new church founded on moral science, at first cold and naked, a babe in a manger again, the algebra and mathematics of ethical law, the church of men to come. . . . But it will have heaven and earth for its beams and rafters; science for its symbol and illustrations." Submerged by this extraordinary flood of learning, the critic takes refuge in the ark of his office, with the cheerful admission that the Secret Doctrine is an unprecedented event in literature, and fulfils Emerson's requirements, however it may stand to those of lesser men.

METAPHYSICAL COLLEGE ENTERTAINMENT.

The following program will be rendered at the Metaphysical College, 106 McAllister street, Saturday, Jan. 26th, at 7:45 P. M. Part I.—Piano solo, Prof. Eckman; Glee, College choir; Reading, "King Robert of Sicily," W. J. Colville; Song, "Mrs. Brady's Daughter," Bertha Wadham; Song, "The Bell Ringer," J. Maguire; Cornet solo, R. H. Whiting; Song, Mme. Marie Bishop; Recitation, "I Have Drank my Last Glass," Lily Stayner; Song, "The Song that Reached my Heart," W. J. Colville; Cornet obligato, R. H. Whiting; Song, Miss Alice Goff, (Pupil of Mme. Fabbri). Part II.—Piano solo, Mrs. Ophelia Shipley; Duet, "Life's Dream is O'er," Misses Anna Prosser and Flora Shuemate; Impromptu poem, W. J. Colville; Song, Miss Anna Prosser; Cornet solo, R. H. Whiting; Recitation, Mrs. Flagg; Song, Mme. Bishop; Song, "Come Back to Erin," W. J. Colville; Duet, "Excelsior," Mme. Bishop and Mr. Maguire.

—Mr. H. L. Williams has returned to Santa Barbara to arrange water works for Summerland. Purchasers of lots can transact their business through the Editor of this journal.

A BIRTHDAY SURPRISE.

The magnificent home of Mr. and Mrs. Eliza Morse, 621 O'Farrell street, was ablaze with life, beauty and intelligence Saturday evening, Jan. 12th, in celebration of Mr. Morse's 58th birthday. The whole affair was planned and happily carried out by Mrs. Morse, which was kept a profound secret from her good husband, until that evening. She has been actively at work for several months in getting a large family album which contains nearly one hundred and fifty photographs of the Morse family. The album is further adorned by the following beautiful poem from the angel mother of Mr. Morse, given inspirationally through Mrs. Morse.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY.

Long ere science gave to the race
The faithful image of a human face,
Thy mother's life its course had run
Ere yet thine own had scarce begun;
Thus bereft the leaf of this, thy book,
Of aught of her wonted smile or look;
And only on memory's sacred page
Is traced her picture undimmed by age;
And ever thus must thy spirit behold
Her youth, her beauty, and charms untold;
Till her hand, outstretched from realms above,
Shall welcome thee to her home of love,
Where thine eyes and soul shall feast for aye,
On the loved forms lost in the yesterday;
Where thy heart shall beat in time and tune
To the fadeless beauties of our endless June.
Thy birthdays be counted no more as now
But reckoned by laurels that crown thy brow;
For efforts put forth or sunshine let in
On the pathway of suffering or human sin;
Or numbered perhaps in sweet surprise
As thy soul sweeps in vision its upper skies,
Which bend in allurements and prophecy sweet,
Inspiring a victory for every defeat,
Till thy birth is complete, the last path trod,
And thy spirit finds rest in the bosom of God.

The host and hostess are delightful entertainers, and a beautiful harmony pervades their home. The hostess very gracefully introduced a number of selections, musical and literary, to the enjoyment of her guests, first of which was an impromptu speech by herself. This was followed by a fine piano solo, exquisitely rendered by Miss Ruby Carman. Mr. Colville then, being called upon, spoke substantially as follows:

On such an occasion as this, words seem almost impossible, as they are so utterly inadequate to express the deep feelings of love and sympathy we all feel the one for the other, and all for our kind and generous host and hostess, who have invited us to these bright and charming bowers this evening to realize in some measure how delightful a home must be where love and sympathy are the presiding divinities and the earthly horizon by no means bounds the vision of its inmates. This occasion is, as you all know, the anniversary of the birth into mortal expression, of our worthy and beloved host, and as we have been listening to the entrancing music, gazing upon the lovely flowers and inhaling their fragrance, and best of all, hearing words of inspired wisdom and good will falling from the lips of our generous and genial hostess, who has for so many years been accustomed to keep open house for those in the invisible as well as the visible state, we are instinctively led to inquire, What is there, after all, so joyous in a birth or in its anniversary? Could we see no further than this terrestrial condition of existence, we might, in many instances, regret with bitter pangs the revolving years silently stealing from us youth and beauty, and hurrying us on to the dim abyss of nothingness ahead. But when the light of spiritual perception illumines our vision, when we can see beyond the transitory forms of earth and discern behind all appearances the perpetual life of spirit, then it is that nature assumes a new garb. All things externally fair become to us but the symbols of an unfading beauty they half reveal and half conceal; and as the years float on and bear us with them down the stream of time into the ocean of eternity, we are filled with glad and wondrous expectation concerning the future which lies beyond the mystic river, and when we can catch even so slight a glimpse of the radiant forms of ascended loved ones, we rejoice with joy unspeakable that we do not on such occasions as these, regret the departed friends of by-gone years, but on the contrary, we welcome and embrace them in the forms of spirit.

No picture of the immortal world is so charming as a portrait of home-life removed from physical limitations. Thus a bright, happy home on earth is the best expression we can give to our deepest spiritual realizations. Now a home is a place where true affection dwells, where love presides and reason works in harmony with love; it may be a gorgeous palace, it may be a lowly cot, but whether the members or inmates of the home are rich or poor, fortunate or unfortunate as the world counts fashion, their mutual love and appreciation is a constantly growing quantity and an ever improving quality. Here to-night we feel the breath of the angel of harmony fanning the cheeks of our very souls, we listen to a music inaudible to the fleshly ear borne to us on the inner breeze from that bright sphere of peace and love toward which the aspirations and affections of the embodied divinities of this most charming and hospitable home are ever turned, and from which they draw that inspiration which makes them both so gracious and united, capable of distilling peace to all who cross their threshold.

Temples dedicated by solemn ritual may be sacred to religious uses, and the weary and tempted ones who enter such sanctuaries may find much comfort there, but on the whole wide earth is there a lovelier or a holier place than "home, sweet home"? And is it not to home influence we must ever look for the world's most true advancement? Our dear friends who sanctify this place by uplifted thought, generous deed and kindly word have succeeded truly and well in connecting their earthly abode, fair as it is, with a yet fairer abode in spirit, and the influence of this yet lovelier home you feel as you linger here, and you will carry away with you as you depart; and as our host and hostess show us how more than possible it is for one man and one woman to be all in all to each other in the closest relationship of life, and yet have hearts big enough to take in all humanity, we behold the solution of the great problem before our eyes, and we learn that while in special bonds of inmost friendship some souls may be held together, forming the nucleus of a special family sphere in spirit, all true love enlarges the heart of those whose hearts it fills and leads them out into the universal the more able and willing to be a source of good to all.

Madame Bishop and Mr. Colville sang "What are the Wild Waves Saying," grandly, as was also sung "The Song that Reached my Heart," by Mr. Colville. Dr. Thomas Hill recited most admirably a scene from "David Copperfield," which was greatly appreciated by all present. Last, but not the least enjoyable, was the appearance of "Cheeto," one of Mrs. Morse's spirit guardians, who entertained the audience right royally with a perfect flow of wit, humor and wisdom, all happily combined. Right here came

in a laughable surprise to Mr. Morse. "Cheeto" gave a small box to one of the ladies present, and on opening it, a grave "heavenly Chinese" was found, which, when pressed, responded in sprays of sweet perfume. The following poem, also contained in the box, was read, and created much merriment:

MY DEAR FRIEND,

May this poor and forlorn little urchin I bring,
(Wishing happy returns of the day),
Be permitted to share in the joys of your life,
Be allowed to discountenance discords and strife,
May he whisper "soft things" to yourself and
your wife,
In a fragrant, acceptable way.

Not "in ways that are dark, or by tricks that are vain,"

But by methods decidedly *mum*,
May he often suggest that your generous ways
Have won from the grateful tribute of praise,
That will perfume your life with their sweet
scented sprays.

For ages and ages to come.

"Marching Through Georgia" was sung by Mr. Morse, Madame Bishop and others. As Mr. Morse was an officer in the "grandest of all grand armies," the loyal blue, this was entered into with a will. Captain Morse knows well of the horrors of war too, as he was in Libby Prison for a number of months; and it was the privations endured therein that well-nigh cost him his life, and so undermined his strength and health that he has never fully recovered. But for his present good health we believe he is indebted to the spirit-world through the instrumentality of his own wife. Mrs. P. C. Thomson gave, under spirit control, a few words of cheer fitting the occasion. An hour or more was spent in general sociality, when the guests departed feeling that it was an evening which would long be pictured on "memory's wall." May the Captain and his noble wife have many returns of the day.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—"Our Question Department" is unavoidably crowded out for this week.

—New definition of a crank: A progressive man with the liver complaint.

—Bro. W. T. Jones left for the interior a few days ago to be absent indefinitely.

—J. J. Morse has been speaking for the past month in Conservatory Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y.

—Dean Clark is now lecturing in Denver, Colorado, to large audiences, and with good prospects for a season of successful spiritual work.

—As the Santa Barbara purchasers of lots in Summerland have now mostly made their selections, we have lifted the reserve from all blocks excepting 29, 30 and 36, thus leaving some excellent lots unsold in other hitherto reserved blocks.

—Grand concert at College Hall, 106 McAllister street, Saturday, Jan. 26th at 7:45 P. M. Very enjoyable and richly diversified program. Single tickets, 25 cents; five for \$1. All proceeds to be devoted to the College Fund for the maintenance of general work.

—Mrs. Pettibone, the medium, has been lying very ill for several months past, at 115 Jones street, in this city. Her recovery is regarded as very doubtful. Her husband is obliged to devote all of his time to her care. They are greatly in need of substantial sympathy.

—A San Pedro subscriber writes: "When I 'sit down to read the GOLDEN GATE I feel so 'much—my arms and face, and sometimes my 'whole body—it seems like holding the hands of 'a battery, I always wonder at it. There is no 'paper comes that we are so much interested in."

—A new poetess has flashed upon the world. Mrs. Lizzie Pardoe, a young married lady of nineteen, who resides at Ione in this State. We have the assurance of her father and of herself, that until the 8th day of November last she had never attempted poetic composition. We have a number of her poems on file for publication, the first of which will appear in our next issue.

—As the type-setters were compelled to have the copy on Monday morning, the reporter was obliged to do her best to provide us with a comprehensive abstract of Mr. Colville's discourse. In all respects the subject matter is unchanged; the address is, however, somewhat abbreviated, and some portions were unavoidably omitted owing to the lack of time for complete transcription of notes.

—The ladies who have Mr. Colville's meetings in charge, are having excellent success. The meetings are free, and no collections are taken up, except by free will offerings at the door; and yet the ladies have no trouble whatever in raising money enough to meet all necessary expenses. This is indeed encouraging. They wish us to state that the Temple will be properly warmed to-morrow (Sunday) morning, and hereafter.

—W. J. Colville's meetings at College Hall, 106 McAllister street, are extremely popular. Last Sunday evening the attendance far exceeded the number of chairs the hall is capable of holding. On Sunday next, January 20th, at 7:30 P. M., the subject of discourse will be, "The Present Status of Spiritualism East and West, or Gleanings from Five Months' Travel and Experience." All seats free. Contribution. Classes in Spiritual Science and Theosophy meet Tuesdays and Fridays at 10: A. M., and 7:45 P. M. Visitors can attend once on payment of 25 cents.

—The Board of Directors of the State Camp-meeting Association met at the residence of Mrs. Aitkin, at 830 Mission street, on Tuesday evening last, to consider the matter of holding a State meeting sometime during the coming summer. It was thought best to hold the meetings in their own tent to be located on some convenient vacant lot in this city, and that they commence about the middle of June and continue for three or four weeks. Messrs. Hawes, Sutherland and Owen were appointed a committee to find a suitable place for the meetings, and Mrs. Aitkin and Mrs. Crowell, a committee to secure the services of some of our best mediums and speakers for benefit entertainments to meet preliminary expenses.

I. C. Steele.

(The following brief sketch of one of the Directors of the Golden Gate Printing and Publishing Company, we gladly transfer to our columns from the "Carrier Dove" of January 19th.)

Spiritualism has no more earnest, consistent or faithful worker, than the subject of this sketch. Large-hearted, charitable and unostentatious, he is ever seeking for the best in his fellow-beings. As the presiding officer of the State camp meeting, he demonstrated such excellent executive ability, and proved himself to be such a capital harmonizer of discordant elements, that the Board of Directors of the Association re-elected him by a unanimous vote as their President for another year.

I. C. Steele was born in Delhi, Delaware county, New York, August 14, 1819. At the age of seventeen he moved with his parents to North Amhurst, Ohio, where they settled down to the honorable vocation of farming. Here he became proficient in the details of a business that he has pursued to a grand success on the Pacific shores.

In 1859, I. C. Steele came to California, via the Isthmus of Panama, locating at Two Rocks, Sonoma county. In the same year he removed to Point Reyes, Marin county, where, in company with his brothers, George, E. W. and R. E. Steele, under the well-known firm name of Steele Brothers, he engaged in the business of dairying; shipping the first consignment of butter and cheese from the immediate coast, which brought a first price in the San Francisco market. From that time to the present, the dairy products bearing the brand of this firm have been regarded in our markets as "gilt-edged." From Marin county the Steele Brothers removed their works to a broader field in the rich pastures of the Pescadero country, in San Mateo county, where I. C. now resides with his family. The brothers have also large landed interests in San Luis Obispo county, where George and E. W. now reside,—their ranch there containing, before the division of the estate, 43,000 acres.

Visitors to the Exposition of the Mechanics' Institute, held in this city in 1884, will remember the Steele Brothers' exhibit of a two-ton cheese, which was manufactured for the Sanitary Fund, for the benefit of our sick and wounded soldiers in the war for the preservation of the Union. One slice of this famous cheese was sent to President Lincoln, another to General Grant, and a third sample to General Steele, a brother of

the subject of this sketch. The net proceeds from the sale of this immense cheese amounted to \$2,820.

Mr. Steele was one of the founders of the Granger's Bank in this city, and is at present its Vice President, and one of its Board of Directors. He is also President and one of the Directors of the Granger's Business Association; a very important institution devoted to the interests of the farmers of California. He has held the position of Master of the State Grange, Supervisor of his county, and other positions of trust. In every position of honor and trust to which he has been called, he has brought a clear head, and a fidelity as true as his name would signify. In all of his dealings with his fellow-men, and in the beautiful retirement and simplicity of his private life, I. C. Steele has ever stood without reproach. His home on the Coast, near New Year's Point, overlooks the bright waters of the Pacific, while to the east, in picturesque grandeur, rise the mountains of the Coast Range. His farm and dairy buildings are commodious, and there is an air of thrift and comfort about the place that inspires in the beholder the idea that here, at least, is a home where peace and happiness abound.

Spiritual Conference.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The spiritual conference in St. George's Hall, 909 Market street, between Fifth and Sixth streets, was well attended last Sunday, and the speeches made by Mrs. Logan, Mrs. Waisbrooker, Dr. Mead, Walter Hyde, and another gentleman, were all highly appreciated by the intellectual audience; but when a dear little lady took the platform and made her maiden speech under deep inspiration, the applause was manifested in tears, for every word seemed so full of meaning, and so soul-full, that hearts were touched as with a live coal from off the altar.

She was quite a stranger here—from Minneapolis—but was impressed, as she saw the notice on the bulletin boards at the door, to come up, and finding such perfect harmony and freedom for all to express a thought, she had done so; and by the kindness of Mrs. Logan, the chairman, she should do so again; and gave many words of cheer for the efforts that were being put forth in these meetings.

Mrs. Cook sang, and accompanied her voice on the piano. Mr. Hyde and sister sang "Meet Again," and "When the Mists Have Cleared Away." To play the soprano on a violin and sing bass at the same time, is not a common occurrence. And then, such spiritual songs can but be appreciated by a spiritual audience.

These meetings possess the vital life of the spirit, and can but thrive. Mrs. C. Pruden, the little lady referred to in the foregoing, will hold circles in Mrs. Logan's rooms, 841 Market street, Monday, Thursday and Saturday evenings. Mrs. Perkins, we forgot to state, made excellent remarks, and gave a few tests in the meeting. All invited next Sunday. Mrs. F. A. L.

The River, Harbor, Canal Dredging and Land Company.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

This Company is incorporated under the laws of Colorado, to enable it to issue non-assessable stock for the protection of those who purchase its stock, and offer the further privilege to purchase tracts of the Company's land when ready for cultivation, with stock at par value.

The Prospectus of the Company sets forth the value of their assets at \$1,000,000, consisting of 19,400 acres of land lying along the East shore of the Bay of San Francisco, and 50,000 shares of its non-assessable stock, par value \$10 per share, and the patents for the Boschke Stern Wheel Steam Dredge and Dirt Conveyor. From the proceeds of the 50,000 shares of Treasury stock, the dredging machine will be built under a contract with Messrs. Hinckley, Spears & Hayes, of the Fulton Foundry, which will be put to work on contracts in which it will earn large sums of money.

From the earnings of profitable contracts, rental and sales of the real estate, large dividends will be realized by the holders of this stock. About 2,000 acres of this tract can be prepared for cultivation by ditching, laying out roads and boring artesian wells at a cost of \$10 per acre. The Company is prepared to build a steam ditching machine now, with which work will be begun in a couple of months on the land. Numerous applications have been made to purchase at \$60 to \$100 per acre, and lease at \$6 per acre, this land as soon as ditched.

This stock is offered at \$5 per share until sufficient funds are realized to pay for the dredge, ditcher and improvements on the 2,000 acres. Stock can be purchased at Dr. N. Beigle's, room 37, Flood Building, Market street. Office hours from 11 A. M. till 4 P. M. A. BOSCHKE, C. E. SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 10, 1889.

Fraternity Hall.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

DEAR SIR: The First Progressive Spiritualists of Oakland, met last Sunday at Fraternity Hall, corner of Seventh and Peralta streets, to hold their usual exercises. There was a large audience present, showing that there are many new investigators seeking for light and truth. We hope that our numbers will still increase from time to time, and we will endeavor to satisfy all.

Last Sunday evening, Mrs. Perkins of San Francisco, occupied the platform the whole evening. The fore part of the evening was occupied in answering questions given by the audience, afterwards in giving tests, many of which were recognized.

Next Sunday evening Mrs. Ladd-Finnegan of San Francisco, will occupy the platform the entire evening in giving tests. We cordially invite all friends to come and visit us. Meetings commence at 7 o'clock. I remain yours in the work, MRS. DAVIS, Sec'y.

OAKLAND, Jan. 16, 1889.

Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

SUFFERINGS RELIEVED.

WEST YORKSHIRE, N. Y., Dec. 12, '87.

DR. J. S. LOUCKS, Worcester, Mass.—My Dear Doctor:—I now inclose a lock of hair of Mrs. McClure, 25 years old, for examination. As for myself, I am feeling better than I have for six long years. I have truly employed nine different doctors. They did little or no good. A great many people ask me what I am taking. I am looking better than they ever saw me before. I tell them I do not take those devilish poisons now, nor never will, as long as Dr. Loucks lives and I live. I have suffered everything but death, from nervous weakness and other troubles. May the Lord save you from all harm, is my prayer. MRS. EMMA MCCLURE.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

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PUBLICATIONS.

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[TITLE PAGE.]

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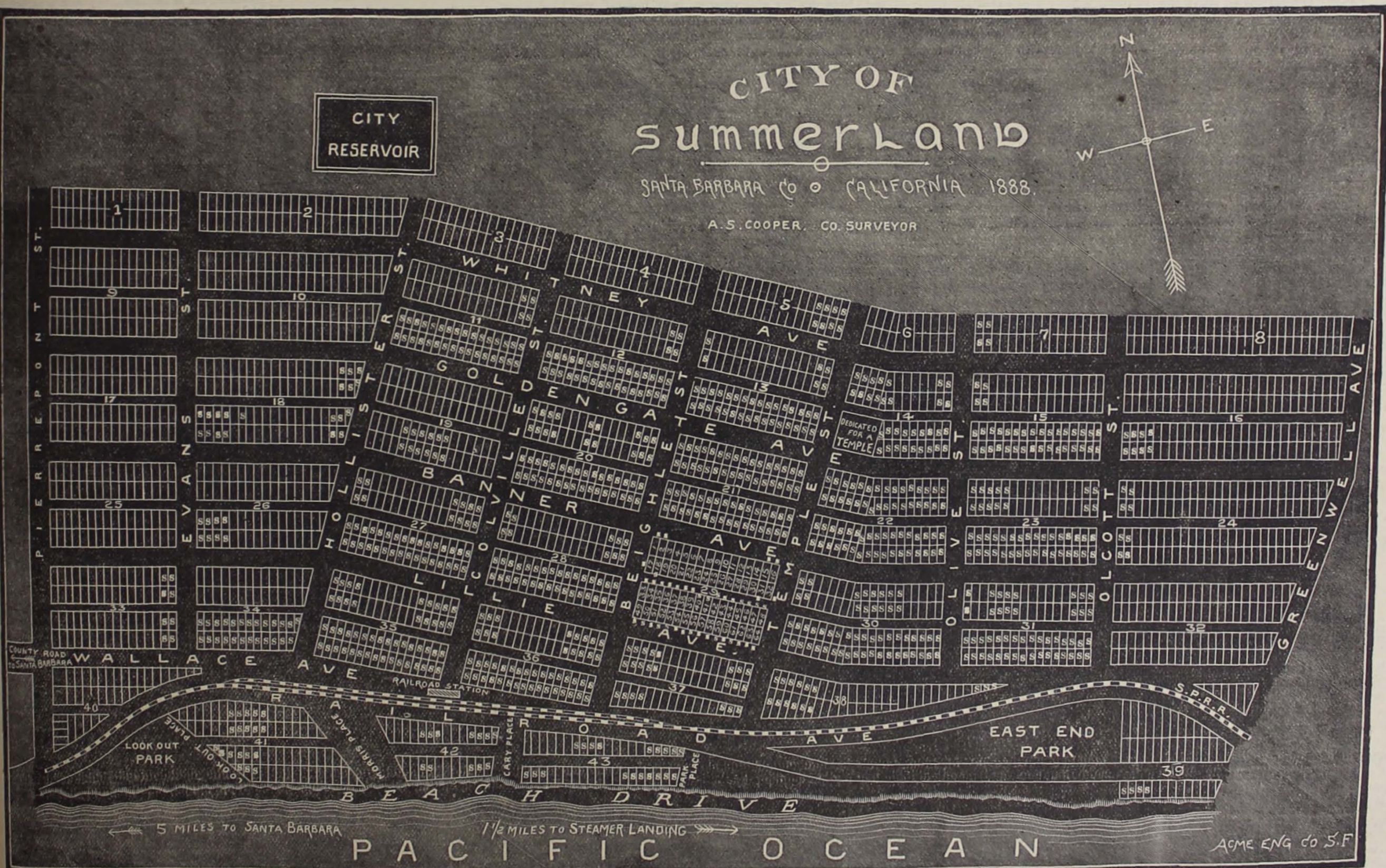
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Has found its way to England and Germany, and is on sale in Madras, British India, by Kalsam Bros. In Melbourne, Victoria, by Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Morris. In Auckland, New Zealand, by Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Chalvey nov 26



SPIRITUALIST COLONY.

It has long been the desire of many Spiritualists that a Spiritualist Colony, or place of pleasurable and educational resort, might be located at some convenient point on this Coast—a place where the Spiritualists of the world could meet and establish permanent homes, and enjoy all the advantages, not only of our "glorious climate," but of the social and spiritual communion that such association of Spiritualists would insure.

Summerland offers all the advantages for such a colony, located as it is upon the seashore, in that unequalled climate of Santa Barbara, and but five miles from that most beautiful city—a spot where the sun ever shines, overlooking the ocean, extending even to its silvered shore, with a background of mountains, which forms a shelter from the north winds, insuring what that country has the reputation of enjoying—the most equable climate in the world. It is located on the

Southern Pacific Railroad, now completed between Santa Barbara and Los Angeles, and on what in the near future will be the main line of that road.

The site constitutes a part of what is known as the Ortego Rancho, owned by H. L. Williams. It faces the south and ocean, gently sloping to the latter, where as fine bathing ground exists as can be found on this Coast. A fine beach drive extends to and beyond the city of Santa Barbara. Back, and two and a half miles to the north, extends the Santa Inez range of mountains, forming a beautiful and picturesque background. A most beautiful view of the mountains, islands, ocean, and along the coast, is had from all parts of the site. The soil is of the very best.

Orders for lots in Summerland may be made through the office of the GOLDEN GATE, or of H. L. WILLIAMS, Santa Barbara. Price,

\$30. Orders for lots will be received and entered, and the lots selected and located by the editor of this journal, where parties cannot be present to select for themselves.

The size of single lots is 25x60 feet, or 25x120 feet for a double lot, the latter fronting on a fine wide avenue, with a narrow street in the rear. By uniting four lots—price \$120—a frontage of 50 feet by 120 feet deep is obtained, giving one a very commodious building site, with quite ample grounds for flowers, etc.

The plat presented above shows the number of lots sold up to the 8th day of January, 1889. A number of sales have been made since which are not here indicated. The lots in one block, as will be seen, are numbered. This will assist purchasers in locating their lots in any block.

"Robert Elsmere."

Continued from First Page.

clerical attire, appears on the scene of Elsmere's work; but very seldom, and then only when he feels impelled by what he regards as the voice of the Almighty to call back his wandering servant to the fold. Here again we are constrained to pause an instant in our statement of the narrative, to most warmly commend the authoress' exquisite fairness in dealing with the representatives of all shades of opinion and schools of thought. She paints the ascetic priest as a noble fellow; she shows up as plainly as can be done the defects in persons whose opinions coincide far more nearly with her own, and it is for this reason that we regard Mrs. Ward as an epoch making woman in the history of romantic religious literature; for if the future church of humanity foreseen by prophetic minds all through the ages is ever to be established, its members must be those who can allow no intellectual differences or agreements to becloud their judgment, and pervert their will.

Mr. Newcome and Catherine Elsmere are neither of them liberal minded but they are both truly excellent in their separate ways; both are dead in earnest in the proclamation and maintenance of what they feel and think they know to be divine truth; both are evangelicals, he of the Catholic, she of the Protestant type; but they both insult reason to feed hysterical emotion; both are narrow and intellectually very shortsighted. Let either of them present their hearts to the judgment of the sincere of all persuasions, and they immediately invite and obtain the deepest affection, the most loving appreciation of all whose affection is worth the having; but let them present their minds for inspection to the just and liberal, and the verdict pronounced must be that they are deficient lamentably in critical ability, and painfully predisposed to exalt dogma to the very throne of heaven.

A crisis speedily is reached in the process of Elsmere's mental evolution, he finds himself no longer able to remain in the Church of England as a minister; were he a layman, he could continue, no doubt, to worship in his accustomed place, but his keen sense of honor sternly revolts against all endeavor to effect a compromise between conviction and appearance.

Some of Mrs. Ward's very best writing is in this place, where she shows in its true light the evasive position held by many clergymen who retain their livings only through their personal popularity and influence, or their singular power to twist language and give words a meaning they do not possess to the ears of ordinary listeners. Robert Elsmere must leave the church, he will not wait to be turned out or even allow himself to be tried for heresy; he will go out, and his leaving the church suggests far more topic for thought and discussion than a series of lectures or even volumes could exhaust.

In our eyes, some men who remain in a church while they are not in sympathy with its dogmas are thoroughly sincere, and as their course commends itself to their own consciences they are undoubtedly right in staying where they are. Such men, or at least, the greatest of them, have something of the work to do attempted by Savonarola; but was Savonarola successful in reforming the church from within? History alas! answers in the decided negative. But then it can easily be said that Savonarola's work was to purify from immorality rather than to perfect a change in religious doctrine, consequently in a licentious age, the will of the ruling party opposed him, while reformers in the Protestant communions of to-day have the sympathy of the masses on their side, who only need a more liberal education to bring them out of the wilderness of dogmatic theology into the fair promised land of complete freedom from intellectual and ceremonial restriction.

Archdeacon Farrar, of Westminster, is fully as unorthodox as the much revered and lamented Dean Stanley, also of Westminster, whose "History of the Jewish Church" is almost as radical as the utterances of the celebrated Colenso, late Bishop of Natal, South Africa. This man, popularly known as Canon Farrar, is however, in no equivocal position; he is in a most conspicuous position, from which his light shines over the earth as well as over England, as the head of the Broad Church party; he publicly announces his position, and his position is a clearly defined one, and to his mind his position is a thoroughly tenable one; he does not tacitly ignore objectionable dogmas, he boldly attacks and refutes them, and while many gifted men and women both in and out of the church cannot agree with his standing where he does and saying what he does, no one with a grain of judgment or an ounce of perception, can accuse Farrar of temporizing.

In New York City to-day, Heber Newton preaches decided radicalism in an Episcopal church, and everybody knows about what his views are on the Bible, the atonement, and every other leading doctrine of the church. Many people condemn him for remaining where he is, and declare his position is an anachronism of the worst kind, but is it? Is he not one of an ever enlarging number of excellent and learned men who believe it to be their mission to revise creeds and restate theology within the precincts of the church itself?

Now, many and many a man has been ignominiously thrust out of the church for entertaining and preaching the very views one can hear promulgated from avowedly

evangelical pulpits almost every day, and certainly twice every Sunday. Why is this but because ecclesiastical authorities are apt to be extremely wary? It does not do to weaken the church as it would be weakened, were men of great popularity and ability to be constantly thrust out of its body; and let it be said, for it is but simple fact, that personal influence, more than all besides, is usually what influences the final decision. Can we afford to lose the man? Is the chief question usually asked by those with whom the power to excommunicate resides. For those who toy with their own consciences, who juggle with words, who repress convictions, who make ministerial duties simply matters of business, we can have no sympathy, for while a man has a right to earn his living by preaching what he does believe, he has no right to earn a penny, even if he were in destitution, by preaching what he does not believe, or through ingenious processes of prevarication, which are doubtless cleverer, but no less sinful than downright lying.

All cant about unpaid ministers is folly. Business is not a disgrace, and those who object to clergymen receiving salaries, are never logical in their arguments or apt in their illustrations. The whole question is, How far are you honest? To what extent does your conscience approve your method of obtaining a livelihood? The strictest conscientiousness should be demanded of a clergyman, but no less should be exacted of a business man. Elsmere could not take a penny of the church's money, he could not preach another Sunday after he really knew that he did not endorse the words his lips would be compelled to repeat while reading the service. And it is after all, the liturgy rather than the sermon that most sorely taxes the conscientious liberal.

There are plenty of hymns one can select which do not offend against liberal sentiment, and there is an almost unlimited choice of topics for discourse open to a religious radical, even when in a conservative pulpit; but portions of creeds and litany, as well as the endings of many prayers and collects, place the liberal minded Episcopal minister in a sorry fix. If he is anything of a mystic, or a theosophist, he can use every word with the mental reservation that he employs it in the understanding of its hidden meaning. But can an honest man do this in a place where he dare not explain this meaning to his congregation?

In a Swedenborgian place of worship the congregation knows that the scriptures are understood spiritually, and that psalms and prayers are not supposed to be taken in their letter; but the minister in such a church can enter his pulpit with an unfettered tongue and expatiate freely on the hidden meanings of the sacred word. In Robert Elsmere's extremity he very wisely consults with his noble friend Professor Grey. He makes a flying visit to Oxford, and in his old tutor's sanctum unburdens his mind freely. The gist of Grey's advice is, conceal nothing from your wife; return home instantly and tell her everything. Mr. Grey does not appear, with all his insight, to have sounded the depths of Catherine Elsmere's hysterical religious fanaticism, and thus he cannot tell how agonizingly she will suffer in her emotional nature, when she feels called upon to decide between Christ and her husband, for so the matter will and must appear to her. Then the question of the father's influence over the little daughter, will add fresh pangs to her torture, for, remember, she regards intellectual orthodoxy as the only passport to heaven and means of redemption from hell. It is here that a homily on marriage might well be preached, and as Mrs. Mona Caird's question, Is marriage a failure? has not yet lost its interest for the popular mind, we cannot refrain from occupying a few moments with a hurried analysis of Elsmere's partial mistake in marrying Catherine Leyburn, for it can not be denied that he and she were both made indescribably wretched in consequence of their terribly ill-matched intellects.

They loved each other truly and tenderly, from first to last, and were a decided blessing the one to the other. Of this there can be no doubt. But is love all that is needful to secure a truly happy marriage? Love is blind when not united with wisdom. Affection without reason, heart without head, will always run astray; and where natures may be the purest and ideals the highest, intellectual incompatibility will frequently prove the source of untold misery. Husband and wife need not, and should not, be alike. They may differ widely, but they must not disagree. One may sing and not paint; the other may paint and not sing; but the singer must love pictures and the painter must love song. One temperament may be emotional, the other intellectual, but they must complement and not antagonize each other. Red contrasts with gold or blue, and while the colors are intensely dissimilar, their combination produces charming and harmonious effects.

To all young people contemplating matrimony, our exhortation is, do not sacrifice either heart to head or head to heart. Marriage is a partnership not requiring similarity of attainment in the members of the firm, but imperatively demanding unity without uniformity—harmony as beyond union. Husband and wife may differ, as soprano voice differs from basso profundo, or as the music of a violin differs from that of a cornet, but they must be able to sing or play together to the end, that harmony, not discord, is produced.

Conservative Hebrews and Roman Catholics are quite right in discouraging

mixed marriages, for, where one is an ardent believer in one system of faith and the other is equally earnest in defending a counter system, harmony is impossible; and, where there are children, what can be more terrible in its effects than a constant jar between parents? Mixed marriages of an objectionable kind are not necessarily marriages where the contracting parties are one Jew and the other Gentile, or one Catholic and the other Protestant, for in this very city the Jewish Temple Emanu-El, on Sutter street, presents a delightful picture of true harmony between liberal Jew and liberal Christian. Dr. Stebbins is invited to conduct public Thanksgiving services with Dr. Cohn and Dr. Voorsanger, in the Temple, and who can decide where the vital differences are in the theology of these three estimable gentlemen? But let a Hebrew or a Unitarian marry a rigid Presbyterian of the old school, or a devout Roman Catholic marry a bigoted Protestant or a skeptic, and how can harmony prevail? People who have convictions must make their convictions the basis of their union. Physical charms may quickly disappear, accomplishments may cease to inspire admiration, but deep-seated convictions are permanent. Two unformed minds may marry in early youth, and if they are mutually loving and sympathetic, they may form themselves into one. Two formed minds who know they agree on all vital points, can marry with the greatest safety; but an unformed mind, coupled with an ardent progressive temper, like that of Robert Elsmere, in his early twenties, uniting itself with a thoroughly set mind like that of Catherine Leyburn, must inevitably bring bitter sorrow.

They are both so intense in their feelings that not to feel alike is to suffer beyond description. A youth's marriage with a woman, mentally mature, though still young in years and physically youthful, must be a mistake, unless the young man's mind is so open to his wife's influence that she can be his guide, or, at least, his companion in intellectual pursuits.

In this age the intellect cannot and will not, be patiently submissive to the heart. Intellect and affection themselves insist upon being married in every reasonable and healthy individual, and though goodness of heart is the mainspring of all virtue, a good heart and a level head are both needed when two young people agree to enter upon a compact, the most sacred and binding possible on earth.

As Elsmere's mind expands, ever wider and wider, opening itself like a beautiful flower to the sunshine and pure air of fresh, progressive thought, Catherine retires deeper and deeper into herself, and sees in her husband's earnest and successful efforts to bless his fellows, nothing better than a fight against Christ and his gospel. Very, very slowly, and by very painful steps, is she at length led to believe that after all he may be following the Master in a way she knows not of, but she never enters fully into his work. She can not. She remains in the old way, drinking old wine from an old bottle, while he cannot partake of any other than the new wine of the new dispensation of understanding from a new bottle, ever expanding in his hands as the new wine ferments within it.

Robert Elsmere's theology is sublime. His work is Christ-like in the highest sense. He reaches the secularists on their own ground in their own halls. He shows them the worthlessness and the wrong of their incendiary and shallow methods of attack on all religious things. He reconceives the Christ. He strips the man of Nazareth of all fictitious adornment, and like Count Tolstoloi of Russia, he leaves a magnificent human worker and exemplar, as loving as the model of Renan, but far more vigorous and manly. He is able, through a thorough identification with working men, to bring to them the practical gospel they so sorely need. In his hands social and political problems are taken out of the arena of fierce and acrimonious partisanship, and placed where they belong in the arena of religious thought and feeling.

Religion is the science of right living. *Religio*, to bind, is to unite, not to enslave; and when all are bound together in the chains of true co-operative fellowship—when the demon, competition, is cast from out our minds—then, and not till then, will dawn the golden day when

"Peace shall over all the earth
Its undimmed splendors fling,
And the whole earth send back the song
The blessed angels sing."

N. B.—This lecture is the first of a series, suggested by Robert Elsmere, to be delivered by W. J. Colville, at Metropolitan Temple, on successive Sunday mornings, at 10:45 o'clock. The subject for to-morrow, January 20th, is "A Re-conception of Christ, considered as the Basis of a New Religion." All readers of Robert Elsmere will be much interested in this discourse, which will treat the subject far more deeply than the one we present in this week's paper, which is merely introductory. All the seats at Metropolitan Temple are free to all comers. The music is very attractive. Visitors' offerings are received on a plate at the door as the congregation passes out.

Did that lady buy any thing?" asked the jeweller of his new boy, as the lady in question left the store, apparently in a temper. She asked me for an old gold breast-pin, and I asked her if she took this store for a junk-shop. Then she went out."—*Jeweller's Weekly*.

MR. COLVILLE'S WORK.

W. J. Colville's special course of instruction in Spiritual Science and Theosophy commenced in the College Hall, 106 McAllister street, on January 8th, at 10 o'clock A. M. and 7:45 P. M., and will continue every Tuesday and Friday for six weeks. Terms for full course of instruction, either morning or evening, \$2.50. Admission to single session, 25 cents. The following is a complete list of the subjects treated in both series:

10 A. M., MORNING CLASS—SPIRITUAL SCIENCE.

Tuesday, January 8th—"A Concise Statement of the Theory and Practice of Spiritual Science, as Applied to the Production of Moral, Mental and Physical Health and Harmony."

Friday, January 11th—"The Idea of God According to Spiritual Science."

Tuesday, January 15th—"The Idea of Man According to Spiritual Science."

Friday, January 18th—"A Consideration of the Relation Between *Being* and *Existence* and Between *Truth* and *Fact*."

Tuesday, January 22nd—"Faith, Prayer and Fasting as Essentials to Spiritual Development."

Friday, January 25th—"Conversion, or the Spiritual Meaning of Regeneration."

Tuesday, January 28th—"Hereditary Influences No Obstacle to Spiritual Growth."

Friday, February 1st—"The Mission of Pain and How to Conquer Suffering."

Tuesday, February 5th—"Chemicalization, or Crisis, and How to Meet It."

Friday, February 8th—"The Apostolic Method of Healing as Opposed to Mesmerism and Medicine."

Tuesday, February 12—"How to Alter Circumstances and Secure Success in Every Lawful Enterprise."

Friday, February 15th—"Explicit Directions for Treatment and Self-Protection, and the Value of Formulas Elucidated."

7:45 P. M., EVENING COURSE—THEOSOPHY.

Tuesday, January 8th—"Theosophy; What It Is and What It Is Not."

Friday, January 11th—"The Mystery of the Ages, or the Secret Doctrine of All Religions."

Tuesday, January 15th—"Theosophy in Egypt; The Hermetic System."

Friday, January 18th—"Theosophy in Persia; The Zoroastrian Idea."

Tuesday, January 22nd—"Theosophy in India; Brahmanism."

Friday, January 25th—"Theosophy in India; Part II. Buddhism."

Tuesday, January 29th—"Magic; Red, White, Gray and Black."

Friday, February 1st—"Difference Between Spiritual Adepts and Ordinary Magicians."

Tuesday, February 5th—"The Rosicrucians; Their Theories of Cosmology."

Friday, February 8th—"The Philosopher's Stone and Elixir of Life."

Tuesday, February 12th—"The Planetary Chain."

Friday, February 15th—"Nirvana."

N. B.—In order to enable all persons to attend these remarkable lessons, on Tuesday, February 19th, they will commence again, but in a new order. The Theosophical Instructions will be given at 10 A. M., and the Spiritual Science lessons at 7:45 P. M. Questions are freely invited at every lecture.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM will meet every Sunday at 10:30 A. M., in Fraternity Hall, Pythian Castle Building, Nos. 929½ and 933½ Market street, between Fifth and Sixth. The hall is commodious and well arranged for this purpose. Strangers and all those interested are respectfully invited to attend.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS meet every Sunday at 2 P. M., Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. All are invited. Admission, 10 cts. The Library and Reading Room of this Society is located at 841 Market street, "Carrier Dove" office, and is open every week day from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

METAPHYSICAL COLLEGE, 106 McALLISTER Street.—W. J. Colville lectures every Sunday, at 7:30 P. M., and conducts classes for thoroughly practical instruction in Spiritual Science, Tuesdays and Fridays, at 10 A. M. Lectures and conversations on Theosophy, Tuesdays and Fridays, at 7:45 P. M.

SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE MEETING FOR FREE interchange of thought, by all who may wish to participate in the spirit of brotherly love, in Fraternity Hall, St. George's, 909 Market street, over Curtin's store, between Fifth and Sixth streets, at 11 A. M., Sunday. Admission free. All invited.

UNION SPIRITUAL MEETING EVERY Wednesday evening, at St. Andrews' Hall, No. 111, Larkin street, at 7:30 o'clock. Interesting addresses, followed by tests by good mediums. All invited. Admission, 10 cents.

W. J. COLVILLE LECTURES EVERY SUNDAY in Metropolitan Temple. Services commence precisely at 10:45 A. M. Organist Prof. Eckman; soprano, Mme. Marie Bishop. Everybody invited.

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FIRST PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION of Oakland, meets every Sunday at Fraternity Hall, corner of Seventh and Peralta streets. Meetings at 3 and 7:30 P. M.

OPEN MEETING—ON AND AFTER SUNDAY, November 17th, at 2 o'clock, a Bible Class will be held at the Home College, 324 Seventeenth street. All will be welcome.

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How Many Worlds at a Time?

BY M. E. TILLOTSON.

Materialists who cognize no individual existence for man beyond the life of this body of flesh, talk as if we could choose as to the number of worlds we have doings with, and elect that this planet and its physical phases, are all we can know aught of, or, if possibly not, at most, one world at a time is all that can be well attended to. Nature, it is clear, elected otherwise; gave these bodies corresponding spirit sides, the rocky, sandy, and watery planet a corresponding spirit side, encircling, as it were, the solid foothold, distinct in various respects; but with mutual influences and sympathies in various respects also. It may or may not be correct to term it another world, for certainly its denizens were our ancestry, survive without blood or bones, sojourn among us at pleasure, and we cannot choose in the case.

Our mental and spiritual selves may be said to live in a degree in all the worlds of the universe that we contemplate with any definite imagination. Our materialist friends find time to learn, through astronomy, of worlds vastly remote, because starshine reaches physical vision. When their unfolding faculties comprehend the light of spirit stars, they will cease calling Spiritualism a new phase of superstition, a genial delusion putting to shame the partial, forceful, vengeful dogmas of pagan savjorism and demonism of all ages and, studying human phenomena, will see the various qualities, grades and capacities of mind are almost limitless. There are in some brains functions very active, that in others are dormant. Probably degrees of activity more than of size induce culture and cause adaptations, some for occult investigation, some for common scholarship, and so on and on.

But one of the practical works of Spiritualism, that to prepare people for consistent living in this stage of life, that will incline adults of all ages, from ten to ninety, to adopt sanitary habits for healthy lives, thus making conditions to mold the young to sound, lovely and joyous maturity, a basis for perfect paternity. This work has not been attempted; yet it is holy, practical, feasible, and most needed. It made a general understanding and endeavor through organizations and unorganized liberals, it must bring grand and lasting results.

What a noble object it would be in the Summerland settlement; how readily carried out if agreement and concert could be arrived at among the settlers. It is the work for heredity and happiness the angel and mortal worlds have ever waited for.

Feeble nerves and deranged viscera make hard homes for growing spirits. Even mind-cure cannot last amid diseasing regimen. A healthy physical basis for all delights and uses of this temporary state is the present crying demand of earthly welfare, and for that alone is the most paying and important of duties; but by it spiritual demands would be as bountifully supplied.

Harmonizing physical conditions and prosperity furnish both animus and inspiration for all the higher harmonies. Spiritualists are of all degrees. Some simply see tests of continued life in any phenomenon. Thinking students of human science read into cause and effect on spiritual planes, each discovering as natal tendency and extent of unfoldment direct. As knowledge advances, aided by interblendings of higher intelligent realms, they see how more than double, how complex, are faculties invisible to outer senses, animated by indwelling souls, while out-dwelling souls guard, and often guide the needing mortal through the brambled ordeal they once traversed. This is but rudimentary science to the graduate who knows that souls in spirit bodies leave their carnal forms, still adhered to, move long distances, communicate there, perchance materialize, and return to the quietly awaiting forms; but to material reasoners it is extreme transcendentalism. To bigots and hypocrites it is professed to be (d) evilism.

Again, materialists urge that our philosophy finds vicious spirits who have power and desire to control by language or tacit influence, hence nothing received is trustworthy, and tampering with it is abuse of reason and precious time. We concede the seriousness of the control, but it does not invalidate beneficent powers giving great and sublime instruction, and countervailing crude offerings, as we here seek to counteract similar advocacies. In this power that seemingly should be annulled with its origin and archetype on earth, deceivers and tyrants, we cannot choose; and experience proves the only method of estoppel is ceasing to produce such actors, and kindly protecting their subjects. Many good people, particularly mediums, are crushed, kidnapped, made to simulate tricks and suffer shame incessantly, from lack of protection. Truth must be accepted though oft including features fraught with trials. It is safer to meet foes free, face to face questioning their acts, than to ignore in silence or contempt, leaving them to smite us in the back and steal our vitality for execrable purposes. From crude spirit natures needed facts are evolved. Identities are proven by sameness of traits—corresponding naturalness of their realm with this—progress by gradual growth in that or in this; necessity of criticising what it offers as calmly as what this offers, and accepting only what is evidently true and bene-

ficial. These useful items, kept in view, discourage evil approaches. Intolerance, kindly expressed, is salutary in both directions. Selfward it extends valuable culture for our too passive credulity; individualizes gently, and prompts efforts for poised characters amid the multiplicity of lessons gathered from touchings and teachings of all our related worlds.

We have no choice in people met by chance, but are responsible for treatment of events consequent on the introductions. We have no choice of organs composing our brains, but they act like a system of little friendly worlds, for mutual benefit, and act harmoniously, if health presides; and for health, the word of mighty meaning, the integral individuality is largely responsible. So we carry on our necks epitomes of the known universe, that ought to comprehend ethereal as well as corporeal correlations, centrifugal as well as centripetal human attractions.

A little acquaintance with decarnate spirit life assures us that the inner sense or soul-light, leads legitimately to consciousness of continuous identity with higher knowledge, loftier loves, richer enjoyment and wider usefulness. This light appears parental to hope, as hope begets anticipation, which is so large a factor among mundane blessings. The links may continue increasing and form a chain of future aspirations.

Materialists evince goodness in seeking general progress and liberty; equal privileges and independent competence; culture for ignorance, and opportunity for poverty; humane and improving treatment for confined unfortunates of all kinds. This stamps them far superior to the ruling clans and their duped, bribed and coerced supporters. Immortal soul energy speaks of developing activity in the glad seeming that they shall live ages in posterity, and the knowledge they bequeath it. We need not be over anxious to convince them; they will sense the situation when the cage of clay crumbles, and work truly for right and liberty still.

Sympathy yearning to assuage bereavement here with the joyous faith that the inexpressibly dear cannot be separated, can find more humane motives for comforting the sad, beguiled devotees of church despotism, believing in an uninviting futurity. If, aside from conviction, one could choose a belief, annihilation would be preferable to any modern or ancient worshipful and sacrificial paganism.

Enlightenment, embodying the elements of spirituality, love, justice and goodness, craves these elements in characteristics of worlds, as in souls and hearts, wants this and future abodes replete with truth and purity, and soon as glows light enough, and fast as it is sufficient, will labor to dispel the darkness, falsehood, cruelty and tyranny of this might be, and yet to be, little, complex, paradise world.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

Splints.

BY ELCA L. MERRIAM.

Build upon the ruins of each days errors, better record, and thus acquire steadily and surely, bright jewels for our heavenly enjoyment.

Laugh more, repine less, and thus supply yourself and others with many a luxury, that otherwise would go to the doctor!

Oh, this "border land!" Let us daily weave into its numberless meshes, the brightest and most enduring threads of our progressive unfoldment, shading it with true dexterity and artistic beauty into the light and glow of our approaching "Summerland!"

How in the soft full light of some kind, heroic deed, especially in a time of great need, do the peculiarities, and even the deformities in the character of our fellow man, fade into obscurity!

"Hold fast to that which is good!" for it is not only our golden spiritual bank account with which to build up our earthly temple of true beauty, and usefulness, but a most essential passport into those higher realms of advanced enjoyments! There is no estimate to be placed upon an honest, conscientious nature, for it is as priceless as it is divine.

When prosperity gilds our days with splendor and contentment life presents a beautiful outlook, but when the storms of adversity gather, and break in relentless fury upon our financial possessions, or the sweet consolations and loving communion of friendship ceases, when sorrow and disappointment wrap their sable folds around our inner souls, filling them with deepest night, then, oh then, what a comfort, what a refuge, what an anchor to the soul, is true spiritual progression! This is an abiding possession, grounded upon the rocks of spiritual enlightenment, that no antagonizing element can "molest or make afraid," for we will be fortified within by all that goes to make up our heavenly enjoyments here and hereafter. Seize upon this guide, through earth's mazy windings, through clouds and storms, through physical pain and mental anguish, ever onward, ever upward, higher, clearer, happier, until we reach the summit of our highest Heaven!

Mankind are the greater gainers by suffering each to live as seems good to himself than by compelling each to live as seems good to the rest.—John Stuart Mill.

Spirit Christening.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

A very impressive and beautiful ceremony took place Tuesday evening, December 11, 1888, at the residence of the well-known and highly developed medium, Mrs. Jennie Moore, it being the occasion of the christening of her little daughter, Lowie, by the disembodied intelligence, Charley Murphy, in the presence of Mr. Moore, Mr. Thomas, and the members of the "Star of Hope," (a party of seven ladies and gentlemen who sit one night each week, under the control of Charley Murphy, for psychic research, and who have received many remarkable manifestations up to the present time.)

The elegant parlors were handsomely decorated with flowers, and little Lowie looked beautiful and spirit-like in her appropriate dress of white.

The company, being seated in their usual order, Charley Murphy took control of Mrs. Moore and called up the little child to whom he addressed a few choice words; after calling attention to her patriotic appearance, he spoke somewhat as follows:

"I do not know as we need the colored flowers, usually employed in this case, as we have the colors here; the white, the red, the blue (touching her dress, her curls, and the sash around her waist). The white, an emblem of purity, the red, of love, and the blue, of truth.

"It is customary to use flowers on such occasions of these three colors, but I add to them the green, which I consider the most essential of all, not particularly because it is the color of my country, but because it is the most pleasing, the most lasting and the most common of all the colors; it is the foundation of all the others, and the covering of Mother Earth when she is most beautiful, and upon which all mankind look and walk alike.

"I christen not only this little one, but all assembled here, with the purity of white, purity of heart, of word or deed, and of thought or purpose, the purity of this simple white flower; with the love of the red, love not only for your own immediate family circle and friends, but the love of mankind in general, pure, unselfish love; and with the truth of the blue, the most important of the three, the love of truth being the foundation of all good.

"Let all commence to-night by taking a firm stand, determining to lead a life so pure that they would not be ashamed to let any one of the seven see or know of their actions.

"I virtually consign this little one to the charge of the seven, and place her the center star of which each member represents one of its points, and I wish each one to try and make that point as beautiful and bright as possible, and I charge you all to assist her morally, socially and physically, and to exercise great caution that you do not crush this delicate flower."

He presented to each present a flower, saying, as he did so, a few appropriate words emblematic of their lives; he also said many beautiful things to the Star of Hope, and assured them they were each developing for a special work, and that truth, mutual affection and help were essential as a foundation of the ground work in which they were to be engaged, promising that they would have many such evenings before the earth was again clothed in green. Very truly yours,

C. D. BAKER.

CHICAGO, Dec. 28, 1888, 420 Van Buren street.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

Singular Incident.

BY E. A. HODSON.

Mr. John A. Westlake, Richfield, Minn., relates the following:

"It is about four years ago, I was watching with my wife and child; both had been sick for some time, but when the doctor left that day he told me both were on the mend.

"I was sitting in the kitchen, in easy call, and it was between 10 and 11 o'clock at night. My position was between two doors, one directly behind me, and the other in front. I heard the door behind open, and thought I would look round to see who had come in, but I could not! At that moment a voice behind said, 'Hold up your hand!' I had to do it, I felt that I must do it, and when I did so, the first and second fingers were missing! They appeared to have been just cut off and the blood was running down my hand.

"Next I felt a presence pass by me, and heard the door in front of me shut as though some one had gone out, but the door was not opened."

"Had not you dropped asleep in your chair and been dreaming?"

"That was what I tried to think, for my hand was all right again, but I was smoking at the time, and that theory would not work."

"What conclusion do you draw from the vision?"

"This and others that have come to members of my father's family, convince me that Spiritualism is true, and that it is common for people to receive similar warnings, when their dear ones are about to leave them. My wife and child both died in a few days from that time."

RICHFIELD, Minn., Jan. 1, 1889.

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The above lectures were delivered to Mr. Morse's private classes in San Francisco, Cal., during October, 1887, and are now published for the first time. The two lectures upon mediumship are especially valuable to all mediums and mediumistic persons. Cloth, 12 mo. pp. 150. Price, \$1. Postage, 5 cents extra.

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[Written for the Golden Gate.]

The Mills of the Gods.

BY STANLEY STANBURY.

"The mills of the gods grind slow,
But they grind exceeding small."
Aye, the mills of the gods grind slow,
But they grind exceeding small.
From grinding their great stones
We see the world's great wrongs
Slow and sure of their doom.
Because the mills grind slow and still
We know that they are at it,
For each wrong done, for every ill,
They grind the great accounting small.
He who for the world's wrongs
The soul's true upward path has found,
Will find that all wrongs are vain,
When thus shall bring his stronger grain.
For the miser who clings to gold—
Against all else his soul has sold—
The mills turn on as they did of old,
They are grinding slow his sure reward.

For him who craves the poor and weak,
To justice, truth and love is led,
For gentle but selfish ends will seek—
For such as he the gods will grind.
The light who would fiercely tread
All who differ beneath his heel
Shall surely see his bitter tread—
Find there and steps for golden meal.

The pastor who seeks to feed his band
On withered husks of a long dead Past,
Has vainly built on shifting sand—
His grain of chaff comes home at last.
For those who warp the living Truth
And strive to quench his burning glow—
To dim and dull the mind of youth—
The gods are grinding sure and slow.

The mills are grinding, grinding on,
Slew them the chill and silent night,
Unless they turn when stars are gone—
Grinding on in the sun's broad light.

For each and every child of earth
The never ceasing mills go round—
Down to death—from the hour of birth—
The grist for each is slowly ground.

Aye, the mills of the gods grind slow,
But they grind exceeding small.
The heavy stones turn to and fro
Till they at last have ground for all.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

The Tramp.

BY JAMES WHITMAN.

Covered with rags, with filth and scorn,
The weary wanderer from the fold
Of human pity, scold and scorn,
Crawls onward to his home of old,
Only to find that all of yore
He knew, have left for better lands;
So turned he to the cold barn floor,
To run out there his life's last sands.

Mourning, the herd pent up in stall,
As in the manger where was born
The Christ now ruling over all,
Breathe forth unto the lost forlorn
The same soft sounds as utter'd where
The wise men came from East and West
With golden gifts and perfum'd prayer,
To worship 'neath bright Bethlehem's star.

Those low-voiced murmurs ceased awhile;
When came that sinking eye,
The sweeten'd light of such a smile
As robs death of his victory.
Gently the bovine tones began
A change as if to heavenly lyre,
With angel songs again to man,
That heavenward bore his spirit higher.

Yes, 'twas that flame of heavenly fire
Which the poor other manger crown'd,
Where earth's great "magi" saw their sire
In the lost babe their star had found;
The same soft smile that from the tree
Bade the poor souls around Him rise
Above their earthly misery,
And share His coming paradise.

So, rest in peace, worn, weary one,
Whose fellow-man from door to door,
Drove thee from morn till setting sun,
As they drove Him—friend of all poor.
'Twas not because thy weary life
Was not remember'd nor unjust;
'Twas that the lesson of its strife
Should rise above its mortal dust.

Then courage, ye who in despair,
Regard your lives as lost in woe;
Take courage! In the higher air
Angels attend wh'er ye go—
Angels whose sweet, eternal song,
That welds the universe in love,
Shall soon unto yourselves belong,
When angels ye shall be above!

SAN FRANCISCO, October, 1888.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

"Peace on Earth."

BY EVA A. H. BARNES.

Hail, all hail! the Truth that makes men free!
Hail all hail! the dawn of Liberty!
Sound the call o'er every land and sea,
Peals forth the glad and joyous reveille.

"Christ is born!" at last our hearts are stirred;
"Peace on earth!" once more on earth is heard.
Thrills again the magic signal word,
The time foretold is not one day deferred.

"Peace on earth!" from lands beyond the sea,
Comes response to our abiding plea:
All great souls, illumined, make decree:
"Peace shall have a jubilee!"

Men, arise! And mothers, stand erect;
Guard your homes that oft the foe has wrecked,
Firm and true for Love and Peace elect,
Your sons and daughters now protect.

Lo! within the hearts of men appears
Light that comes alone from angel spheres:
And the dawn proclaimed by sage and seer,
At last is near—it is very near.

War no more shall lay its blighting hand
On the heart of our industries grand,
Nevermore breed crime at Greed's demand,
In this redeemed and soulful land.

Rolls the tide, foam-crested, o'er the deep,
Blest are they who ride the onward sweep;
Woe betide the souls that cannot sleep,
Angels o'er their fate shall weep.

Toward the dawn we face nor doubt the light,
Trust we now the triumph of the right;
Love shall reign with scepter pure and white,
And Hatred seek the realms of night.

CLARA, PA., December 28, 1888.

What an Old Spiritualist has to Say.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Colby then has "skipped." The rest of the impostors that kept a show on Mission and Third, made long prayers and exhibited skeleton ghosts, have gone. The medium of marvelous gifts, who palmed off her son's jugglery on the credulous as spiritualistic phenomena has gone. Last though far from being the least in shameless villany, Stansbury has gone.

The labors of your Spiritual Vigilance Committee have not been in vain. Honest mediums and sincere Spiritualists can now breathe freely. San Francisco Spiritualism is redeemed, disenthralled or nearly so. A blot remains, Mrs. Whitney ought not to have admitted to her platform, a man so dead to all the sympathies of humanity and of common decency that he would make merchandise of his dead wife, or her ghost, even if he really believed she had returned to earth-life, which we know he did not.

But why blame Mrs. Whitney for being deceived into a belief that his telegraphy is what he claimed it to be? Others so believe; they forget that a practical juggler can appear to cut off a man's head harmlessly. When the fellow found his materializing was about to be exposed, that a confederate had peached, "he traveled for his wife's health." Now he has got up a new humbug; got it advertised as genuine and travels again to profit by the notoriety the papers have given it, before it, too, is exposed.

And Colby, when the *Chronicle* published him as a pardoned convict, I felt that if the charge was true, the prominence our late camp-meeting had given the man would disgrace all the Spiritualists in the State. I interviewed him hoping that he would be able to give me a clean record of his antecedents. He told me that at the time that he was charged with being in prison, he was preaching the gospel in Scioto and Lawrence County, Ohio,—was ordained in Scioto a Baptist minister.

I have relations living in that county, wrote for information, letters from two Baptist preachers assured me that no such man was ever ordained or preached in either of those counties.

And now the conclusion is irresistible that he is the identical scape gaw who Bundy is after, but are we as a particular people, disgraced by the unwise, inconsiderate action of that camp-meeting? It was not the first time that the solemn ceremony of ordination has been made ridiculous, farcical, by worthless men aspiring to cheap notoriety, and Colby and Stansbury are far from being the first who have managed to get indorsed by our honest brethren; and even intelligent editors in their zeal to advance the Cause, have often been wheedled by designing villains into a belief in their sincerity. They are subject to the amiable weakness of being easily made to believe in the good intentions of others because they know their own to be good. But old-fashioned orthodoxy used to claim that "hell was paved with good intentions."

The history of the two above named frauds should be a lesson to all who hold Spiritualism at its real value, and consequently strive to preserve its respectability. They should heed the advice of Shakespeare:

"The friends thou hast and their adoption tried
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel,
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new hatched, unfledged comrade."

They should not only avoid "dulling their own palms," but do whatever in their lies to prevent investigators from being deceived and swindled out of their money by such harpies, and above all, expose them in every possible way in vindication of Spiritualism and for the protection of its good name. G. B. C.

ST. HELENA, Jan. 16, 1889.

P. S.—It is certainly possible that the telegraphic communications through Stansbury's instrumentality are genuine—and if so, it recalls the excuse the Prince of Orange made when called to administer the government of England in the corrupt condition in which the Stewarts had left it. He was blamed for appointing bad men to fill important trusts; he justified himself by saying he was obliged to work with such tools as he had. May we not analogically infer that psychics who have the peculiar aura which makes telegraphy possible, are so few—so hard to find by disembodied spirits, that sooner than lose opportunity to enlighten mortals, they will use a medium for this particular purpose, who has been base enough to get up bogus materializations—like the British King, work with such tools as they have, to accomplish great purposes.

The U. C. T. U.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Last fall the articles of that popular newspaper correspondent, "Grapho," carried to the readers of the liberal press from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the important information that the Spiritualists in session at Cassadaga Camp spent the last week of August in organizing The Universal Co-operative Temperance Union, and as the readers of your paper have taken general interest in the movement, we beg to announce that the Board of Management has completed arrangements to start the New Year aright by a special three months' National Campaign during January, February and March.

Our Constitution is short and to the point. Its chief plank is our object, "The eradication of vice in all forms," and the article on Eligibility declares, "All persons in sympathy with the object of this Union, are eligible to membership."

It thus appears that we exclude no one on account of sex or religious belief or disbelief. Many of the older temperance societies are under orthodox control and make subscription to creeds and dogmas of greater importance than signing the pledge. We deny the correctness of their position when they declare the only way to lift up a fallen brother or sister is by conversion to Christianity, so-called. With the teachings of the humble Nazarene we have no conflict, but with the haughty Christianity of to-day we have no fellowship.

The term "intemperance" is generally applied only to the evil of intoxication by liquor. By standing firmly for temperance in all things, we seek to educate the people up to a more correct use of the term; and branches of the Union are at liberty to pursue any special line of reform work that may be needed in their locality.

The founders of this Union believe in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, and because we do believe in the universal brotherhood, when the honest atheist knocks at our door and desires to co-operate with us for the elevation of the race, we extend to him the right hand of fellowship, for neither belief nor disbelief of even truth will either save or lose a soul since it is the life of the individual that counts for eternity.

While we are constantly engaged in spreading this work throughout the land, we are making a special effort during this ninety day campaign to see what states and localities will organize the most and largest branches in that time, and after this most blest of all lands is thoroughly canvassed, we shall proceed to extend our work and make it an International Union.

Kind reader, will you not aid the cause of humanity by organizing a branch in your community? For constitutions, circulars and full information which will gladly be furnished, address

C. BIRD GOULD,
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Cleveland, Ohio.

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